

THE
Dutchess of Mazarines
Farewel to
ENGLAND.

1. Sept. 1680.

AND must I then sweet *England* leave at last,
With the remembrance of all pleasure past?
Does Fate decree I must renew my dance,
And wheel about from *England* now to *France*?

'Tis vain, I see, for to be great or proud;
We taste the Fate oft of the meaner Crowd.
Though puff'd with greatness, we oft make a bustle;
Dame Fortune rudely does our greatness juggle.

Happy the Country-Swain, who courts the shades,
Whose Privacies no sullen Fate invades.

Happy that Rural Maid who sees alone
Her self a Queen, and plac'd in Beauties Throne,
Whilst her admiring Shepherd bows his knee,
And none like her in all the world can see;

'Tis happier than all our Pageantrie.

Honour, the bug-bear that affrights the Great,
Makes us but slaves, and does of freedom cheat;
Debars us much of pleasures, and of sport;
Robs us of Substance, whilst we Shadows court.

We stand on high, of all men to be seen:

In this alone I do not love the mean;

I'd be a Shepherdess, or else a Queen.

The last exalted is above report,
And th'other innocently cares not for't;

Whilst nothing in the world can prove so strong,
To keep us from the shot of an ill Tongue.

Beauty's a shadow, vain and empty thing;
I thought that mine might have subdu'd a King.

Though fair I seem'd in mine and others eyes,

My own Duke me and Beauty did despise

Whilst I was forc'd to wander in disguise.

A

What

L O N D O N; Printed

27. Aug. 1680

I: What various Chance my Fortunes did attend ?
 A: Alas! when will my rouling Troubles end ?
 V: As if with Fortune drunk, I reeling go,
 Or likera Ball that's bandied to and fro.
 T: Wave alter Wave of Trouble follows Mill.
 C: And like a Slave I grind in Fortunes Mill.
 A: Forc'd by my Fate, to *France* I must return;
 And for sweet *England's* los I truly mourn.
 Farewel, sweet Land, where Peace and Plenty flow,
 Where all things to ease wretched Souls do grow;
 Where all things fit to make Life sweet abound,
 O: And where I Pleasure, Ease, and Comfort found.
 W: Farewel, the best of Princes, and the chief,
 If: Whose Court has given me shelter and Relief:
 G: Whose Power has me defended like a shield,
 A: Whose bounteous hand has me, ev'n me upheld.
 Farewel delightful *Windfor*, who on high
 Lifts up thy awful head, unto the skie :
 T: Beauty and Strength, Nature and Art agree,
 B: A Princes Royal Seat to frame in thee.
 L: Farewel, thou underlying Silver *Tbames* ;
 T: Oft have I sported with thy gliding streams,
 H: And oft my self committed to thy Charge,
 M: Triumphant late in my delightful Barge ;
 As *Egypt's* Queen, when she on *Cydus* swam.
 Co: Farewel the Theater, where I have seen
 O: The Tragick fall of many a lofty Queen :
 N: Where many a sad Intrigue acted I've known,
 N: Yet scarce could find one equal to my own ;
 I: And where, if evil Fortune still pursue,
 T: I may hereafter be well Acted too.
 The: *London* farewell, thou City Fair and Great,
 The: The Head of *England*, *CHARLES* his Royal Seat :
 May Heav'n still blefs you, for your Sovereigns sake,
 And may you long with him sweet Peace partake.
 Where e're I go, your goodness I shall tell,
 Your Bounty and your Love : *England*, farewell.

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